

LETTERS TO EMINENT PEOPLE

Bill Nye Makes a Generous Financial Offer to Count Ferdinand de Lesseps.

Mild Reproach for the Sutherland Sisters—He Challenges John L. Sullivan to a Bare-Knuckle Fight in La Belle France.

(Copyright, 1889, by Edgar W. Nye.)

SOMEWHERE, Aug. 11, 1889.  
Hon. Ferdinand de Lesseps, Paris, France.

Dear Sir—I have some shares in the canal which you have been working on and I am compelled to hypothecate them this summer in order to pay my house. I see by a speech of yours, made the other day, that you have great faith in the future of the enterprise, and so I will give you the first chance on this stock of mine. You have suffered so much in order to do this work that I want to see the stock get into your hands. You deserve it. You shall have it, Ferdie, if

I know the audience would enjoy seeing us dressed for the fray, you so strong and so wide, I so pensive and so fat. Busted about the chest. Let us proceed, once, Colonel, to draw up the writings and begin to train. You will never regret it. I am sure it will be the making of money.

I do not know your address, but trust that this will reach you through the press, for, as I write, you are on your way toward Canada, with requisition and the police reaching after you at every town.

I am glad to hear that you are not drinking any more, especially while engaged in sleep. If you only confine your drinking to your waking hours you may live to be a very old man, and your great, massive brain will continue to expand until your hat will not begin to hold it.

What do you think of Browning? I would like to converse with you on this subject before the fight and get your soul's best sentiments on his style of intangible thought.

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So I have decided that you ought to have control, if possible, of this great water front. Besides, you have a larger family than I have to support. When I heard that you were the father of fifteen little children and that you are in the sore and yellow leaf, I said to myself, a man with that many little mouths to feed at the age of eighty, shall have the first crack at my stock. And so if you will send the face value as soon as possible, I will say bang jaw messive. Yours truly, BILL NYE.

To the Seven-Haired Sisters, "Steech Street, New York.

Mesdames, Mamsells, and Fellow-citizens: I write these few lines to say that I am well and hope this will find you all enjoying the same great blessing. How pleasant it is for sisters to dwell together in unity and beloved by mankind. You must indeed have a good time standing in the window day after day, pulling your long hair through your fingers and when I saw you all thus engaged, for the benefit of the public, I thought it was a candy pull.

I now write to say that the hair promoter which you sold me at that time is not up to its work. It was a year ago that I bought it and I think that in a year something ought to show. It is a great nuisance for the public man who is liable to come home late at night, to have to top dress his head before he can retire. Your directions involve great care and attention to a man in my position, and still I have tried faithfully to follow them. What is the result? Nothing but disappointment, and not so very much to boot.

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Lulled by the cricket and the droning bee;  
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The sky seems blighted with the distant hills.  
No bird upon the wayside alder-trill,  
And the wheat, the rye, the corn, the clover,  
The poppy, the pansy, the daisy, the clover,  
The woodpecker, the crow, the raven, the owl,  
These sunny moments softly slip away.  
Like unto dreams that all our senses fool,  
Or like the first of rain, when down it rains,  
White sheep bells tinkle in the dusty fold,  
O'er the green hills, where the sunbeams play,  
Making the day a shore of shining pearl,  
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Dialect Stories Unpopular.

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We would have to fight at 135 pounds, because I cannot train up to that figure without extra care and good feeding, while you could train down to it. I don't know, if you begin to go without food on recent under this challenge. I would ask that we fight under the rules of the London prize-ring in the opera-house in Paris. If you will decide to accept, I will engage the house now and put a few good reading notices in the papers.

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So I have decided that you ought to have control, if possible, of this great water front. Besides, you have a larger family than I have to support. When I heard that you were the father of fifteen little children and that you are in the sore and yellow leaf, I said to myself, a man with that many little mouths to feed at the age of eighty, shall have the first crack at my stock. And so if you will send the face value as soon as possible, I will say bang jaw messive. Yours truly, BILL NYE.

To the Seven-Haired Sisters, "Steech Street, New York.

Mesdames, Mamsells, and Fellow-citizens: I write these few lines to say that I am well and hope this will find you all enjoying the same great blessing. How pleasant it is for sisters to dwell together in unity and beloved by mankind. You must indeed have a good time standing in the window day after day, pulling your long hair through your fingers and when I saw you all thus engaged, for the benefit of the public, I thought it was a candy pull.

I now write to say that the hair promoter which you sold me at that time is not up to its work. It was a year ago that I bought it and I think that in a year something ought to show. It is a great nuisance for the public man who is liable to come home late at night, to have to top dress his head before he can retire. Your directions involve great care and attention to a man in my position, and still I have tried faithfully to follow them. What is the result? Nothing but disappointment, and not so very much to boot.

You said, if you remember, that your father was a bald-headed clergyman, but one day, with a wild shriek of "Eureka," he discovered his hair encased in the rest of his life filled his high hat with hair every time he put it on. You said that at first a fine growth of down, like the inside of a mouse's ear would be sent down to the blade, then the stalk and the full corn.

A subtle silence nature sweetly fills,  
Lulled by the cricket and the droning bee;  
Not a leaf leaves the tree, nor a bird sings,  
The sky seems blighted with the distant hills.  
No bird upon the wayside alder-trill,  
And the wheat, the rye, the corn, the clover,  
The poppy, the pansy, the daisy, the clover,  
The woodpecker, the crow, the raven, the owl,  
These sunny moments softly slip away.  
Like unto dreams that all our senses fool,  
Or like the first of rain, when down it rains,  
White sheep bells tinkle in the dusty fold,  
O'er the green hills, where the sunbeams play,  
Making the day a shore of shining pearl,  
White as a lily with a heart of gold.

—K. Munkittrick, in Harper's Weekly.

Dialect Stories Unpopular.

W. J. Bok, in New York Graphic.  
The day of the dialect story is undoubtedly over. This will not be the most cheerful news for dialect writers, but my informant comes from one of the largest New York publishers, who has several books in dialect on his list. Said this publisher to me the other day: "We are declining everything of a dialect nature, especially the manuscripts in the negro dialect, which is the most difficult of all for the public to read and enjoy. Our experience is that the reading public will not refuse to read a story or novel in dialect, and the aversion is growing stronger each day, until now the fact that a book or story is in dialect is a sure indication of popular failure. Novel readers claim that they cannot enjoy a story which often requires them to lose the thread of a narrative to catch the meaning of the meaning of a word, and I must confess I think the objection is a good one. I cannot enjoy a dialect story myself. Why do you see them in magazines, and why do you see them in the hands of editors and publishers? They are bought and contracted for them when the dialect was at its height, a year or two ago. But, believe me, an editor hesitates to take a story in dialect, and a publisher hesitates to publish a story in dialect. No, the dialect story is a thing of the past, and the sooner our dialect writers realize this fact, the better it will be for them."

Prize-Fights in Foreign Countries.

Baltimore American.  
The prize-fight is not an American institution. It is English, and ought to go home, where it grew. It is a brutal, brutal, brutal fight, and ought to be abolished. It is a fight between two men, one of whom is a champion, and the other is a challenger. The champion is a man of great strength and skill, and the challenger is a man of great strength and skill. The fight is a brutal, brutal, brutal fight, and ought to be abolished.

Philadelphia Inquirer.

McCorckle—And so you're engaged, Mc-Nichol. Do tell us all about it.  
McNichol—Yes, it's a good time. You see, I was out on the beach.  
McCorckle—Yes.  
McNichol—And the mosquitoes were very thick.  
McCorckle—Yes.  
McNichol—And I wanted to get in.  
McCorckle—Yes.  
McNichol—And Isabella, for some reason, wouldn't let me go